



"TELL THEM TO OBEY THE LAWS AND UPHOLD THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES."—LAST WORDS OF STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS.

VOL. I.

URBANA, OHIO, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 6, 1862.

NO. 19.

Poetry for the Hour.

LISTEN, YOUNG HEROES.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Listen, young heroes! your country is calling!
Time strikes the hour for the brave and the true!
Now, while the foremost are fighting and falling,
Fill up the ranks that have opened for you!

You whom the fathers have freed and defended!
Stain not the scroll that embosoms their fame!
You who fair heritage spoilless descended,
Leave not your children a birthright of shame.

Stay not for questions while Freedom stands grasping,
Well not till Honor lies wrapped in his pall!
Brief the time's meeting be, swift the hands' clasp—
"Off for the wars!" is enough for them all.

Break from the arm that would fondly caress you!
Hark! 'tis the bugle blast! sabres are drawn!
Mothers shall pray for you, fathers shall bless you,
Maidens shall weep for you, when you are gone.

Never or now! cries the blood of a nation,
Poured on the turf where the roses should bloom;
Now is the day and the hour of salvation—
Never or now! cries the trumpet of doom.

Never or now! cries the hoarse-throated cannon
Through the black canopy blotting the skies!
Never or now! flaps the shell-blown pennon
Over the deep ooze where the Cumberland lies!

From the foul dens where our fathers are dying,
Aliens and foes in the land of their birth,
From the rank swamps where martyrs are lying,
Pleading in vain for a handful of earth!

From the hot plains, where they perish outnum-
bered,
Furrowed and ridged by the battle-field's plough,
Comes the loud summer; too long have they
slumbered,
Hear the last Angel-trump—never or now!

The War for the Union.

JUDGE RANNEY ON THE WAR.

At a War Meeting held at Lancaster, Wednesday evening, July 23d, Judge Ranney, candidate for Supreme Judge of the Democratic ticket, said he had come at the urgent invitation of the Governor, to present a few considerations why the people should respond to the requisition of the President. Concurring with the Governor freely in the propriety of the call, he had yielded to his desires. There was no doubt but the army must be increased. Legitimate authority tells us so. The Governors of nearly all the loyal States had recommended it. It seems to be a necessity. The question is, are you willing to endorse it? It is a peculiarity of this Government that to the people is reserved the right to decide upon questions of voting and of bearing arms in support of the Government. One is as obligatory as the other. It is our duty to see that laws are made, equally our duty to see that they are enforced, and that when they are violated it is obligatory upon us to use armed force, if necessary, to protect them. This is our situation. We are not called upon to uphold this dynasty or that privileged class, but we are calling upon the American citizen to defend the laws he himself has made.

There is every reason why you should respond cheerfully to this requisition. If you are constrained, if the Government is obliged to resort to drafting, the moral force of such an army and of public opinion is entirely lost. This is a principle we cannot afford to lose. It is of high importance that we maintain it before the world. Let us, therefore, step forward, cheerfully, and provide the necessary force to crush the insurrection. The speaker had no information about the war, which is not in possession of every one. It is palpable that we are operating with inferior forces, and that if they would avoid foreign interference, we must make this a short war. What we want is a prosecution of the war as will put down traitors.

He did not want to allude to political differences. If he undertook that he might differ with every body; but there is one point where all can meet. The laws are in danger of subversion, and we must have force to defend them. That is enough to see. The Constitution requires the President to suppress insurrection. It is his sworn duty before God to maintain the laws, and if the law is assailed by force, we must defend it with arms. We want the restoration of peace, the execution of the laws. We want no more. The President has no authority to do more. That must be done, or we must confess to the world that we are incapable of self-government. My opinion is now, as it always has been, that as long as there is a man in arms against the laws, that man must be put down by arms.

Judge Ranney expatiated at some length upon the obligations of stay-at-home citizens to the families of soldiers, concurring with Mr. Ewing, that those who do not fight must provide for the families of those who do. But in considering who should go he admonished men not to look round to find some poor man who is obliged to go, but let each man inquire if he ought not to go, and so determine. It was indisputable that those who go sacrifice the most, and therefore those who do not go should be liberal to the families of absent patriots. We are under high obligations to the soldiers already in the field. We virtually said to them, "we will sustain you—if disease and battle thin your ranks we will fill them up again." That time has come. Let us make good our word. Don't hold out a false hope to our brave soldiers. It is due to them that we should not leave them to cope with superior numbers. The speaker proceeded to show further why American citizens should voluntarily take arms to defend the Government, expatiating upon the fact that its peculiar organization and character needed that development which has already shown so conspicuously, in the response of a half mil-

lion volunteers, at the blast of a trumpet. For his part he could not comprehend how any human being on the face of the earth, who is familiar with this Government, could raise his hand against it. We do not deny the right of revolution, for our Government is founded on that principle; but revolutions must show some great and justifying cause. It must be palpable. But in all that he had ever seen, he never yet had seen one single cause cited against the Government, which justifies this rebellion. The Government had done nothing to justify it. Here Judge Ranney paid an eloquent tribute to the character of our form of Government and to the patriotism of the Fathers.

If the people, he added, have not affection enough for the Government to fight for it, it must fall. It was the only free Government in the world. Its prosperity had been marvellous. It was peculiarly the country of the poor man, and of the foreigner, who was oppressed in his native land. It stretches its protecting arms over them—diffuses its blessings over all alike, offers its rewards to rich and poor who seek them faithfully. No other Government on earth has done so much for the people, and if it fails the principle of free government dies with it. It had more than realized all the hopes of its most sanguine founders. Therefore, every man, native or foreign born, should hazard everything for it. If it fails, the hope and glory of the world is gone. But let us remember that if we sustain it now, not they who serve battle will enjoy its blessings, but their children and their latest posterity will enjoy them and bless their patriot fathers as we bless ours for the priceless gift.

What sacrifices then shall we make? We must make many. No country in the world ever went through such a scourge as this without great sacrifices of person and property. We must make them for the sake of peace. After the most careful reflection he had been able to make upon the subject, Judge Ranney said that he believed we can reach the haven of peace only through war. And the sooner and sharper you make the effort you will have peace.

He had not much hope in this contest, if it became necessary to resort to drafting. The moral force of free government will be lost. It will show that the people have lost interest in it. It is based upon the patriotism of the people. He had thanked God that Europe had already witnessed the spectacle of five or six hundred thousand freemen springing to arms almost at the blast of trumpet to defend their outraged laws. Let us still say to the nations of the earth that when our armies melt away, we will fill them up again. None of your interference. The bones of our fathers lie under this soil. With the blessing of God we will maintain what they gave us. In conclusion, he paid a glowing tribute to the glory of the great West and her hardy sons. Referring to her growth, prosperity, industry, population and resources, he held that it was the duty of this people to maintain communications between the West and the external world through the natural outlet, and (with great earnestness) before he would allow the Mississippi to be closed he would rather bury the last man in the West. [Tremendous applause.]

All Sorts of Good Reading.

The Story of an Italian Heroine.

One of those long and picturesque torch-light romances, which are so striking to a stranger's eye, as they wind up to the new external burial ground of Florence among the olive and cypress of the steep hill of San Miniato, issued from the Duomo a few evenings since, and took it away at the Ave Maria towards the Porta San Nicolo followed by a great concourse of all ranks of persons. It was the funeral of Tonina Marinello, a young Venetian woman in the bloom of life, who had fought bravely by her husband's side in the ranks of Garibaldi's gallant "thousand," when they swept victoriously through Sicily, from Marsala to Messina, and thence to Naples and Capua, carrying all before them.

The carrying home of the poor Garibaldian, whose short life had ended sadly in Florence, amid the straits of pinching poverty, would at any time have called forth a manifestation of public respect and sympathy. Now of course, the crowd following of the procession was swelled by those of the ultra-red party, who would fain have given it the appearance of a demonstration.

The little story of Tonina is a moving touch of romance in real life, yet is simple and winning, as were her slender figure and fair pale face, shaded with the golden-brown hair which so often shines out from the canvases of the old Venetian painters. Nothing of assumption, nothing of unfeminine or theatrical sternness contributed to shape the attitude of her quiet courage. Her husband, who in his early youth had fought the battle of 1848, was employed when the war of 1859 broke out, and the youth of Venice emigrated by hundreds into the neighboring liberated provinces, in the dangerous service of guide to these fugitives from Austrian vengeance, across the desolate track of country laid waste by the capricious inundations of the Po, which lies between them and the longed-for river bank, from which they steered across into a land of safety. The secret liberal committees of the Venetian territory had in their employ many such trusty servants, ready to dare all risks to convey the ardent young volunteers, penniless and friendless, across the perilous ground, and to pass them from one another under cover of night, unscratched by Austrian bullets, to the frontier. Marinello and his wife were among the bravest and truest of their

guides, until, after many months exercise of their dangerous profession, the suspicions of their Austrian authorities fell on them and they too were forced to fly with their only child, a little girl of tender age, and take refuge at Modena.

Garibaldi's noble forlorn hope was just then setting forth for Sicily. Marinello quitted his temporary refuge and hurried to join it, and his wife, refused to be separated from him, left him her little one to the care of a near friend who promised to adopt her as his own, and went to Genoa, where finding that the expedition had already started, they set sail in the first fishing-boat that left the port for Marsala.

Once there, Marinello joined the Sacchi brigade of volunteers; but though both he and his wife were well known for bravery and good conduct to Col. Farracini who commanded it, the stringent orders issued from headquarters against the admission of women into the ranks, rendered it a matter of no small difficulty for Tonina to remain at her husband's side. She did, however, at length prevail with the colonel and her name was entered on the rolls as that of Antonio Marinello, the boy-brother of her husband; nor did any individual in the corps in which she served during the whole campaign guess her sex, which was known only to Col. Farracini and Bossi. Her sight from the youthful appearance tallied well with that of a number of the striplings who fought in the ranks beside her; and she wore the common Garibaldi uniform, and endured fatigue and hardship to the full as well as her comrades—and the hardships and fatigues of that campaign were neither slight nor few.

Her commanding officers give high testimony to the valor, the discipline and the unflinching spirit of this unassuming little Venetian heroine, who was decorated by the general's own hand on the field of battle. They say she was ever the first to volunteer for some dangerous duty, and the last to quit her post while that duty was unfulfilled; and all agree that she gained the affection, respect and admiration of her fellow soldiers, by her bravery in the field, and her good humored help.

Tonina fought through the campaign unscathed, though her husband received several but not severe wounds. When Capua was taken, and the volunteer-corps were disbanded, husband and wife turned their steps again towards Modena, and, finding the friend dead who had given a home to their child, brought her on with them to Florence, and there lived poorly on from day to day, partly on their own small earnings, and partly on the assistance given to them by the committee for the Venetian emigration. It was not before the wife was far gone in wasting disease of the lungs that the extreme distress of the poor household was fully known to those who had means to relieve it. Succor was immediately and generously given; the dying mother was placed under the best medical care, and the delicate little girl sent to the sea side and admitted into the admiration of *Ospizio Marini*, or hospital for sickly children, at Via Reggia. But the help so much needed came too late for poor Tonina, though the same care two or three months earlier might have saved her life. She died as meekly as she had lived, in the home where she had struggled through her last suffering year of existence. The arms she had borne in battle and her faded red Garibaldi shirt were laid among the garlands on her coffin; and a simple gravestone will be placed above her at San Miniato, where the beautiful church terrace looks out over the towers and domes of Florence to the sunlit hills.

Moving a Monster Cannon.

On Tuesday, says the Pittsburgh Dispatch, the second fifteen inch gun finished at the Fort Pitt Works was taken from the shop to the metal yard of the Pennsylvania Railroad, at the corner of Grant and Liberty streets, where it will be shipped to the East on a car prepared for the purpose. Two of these large guns have already been taken over the same road, but the mode of transportation from the shops to the railroad was different from that now adopted. Both the "Lincoln" and "Union" were drawn along the streets on wheels fitted on the guns themselves, by windlasses and pulleys. Since the transportation of heavy ordnance has become an every day business, the firm has provided a large wagon for the purpose, and this was used for the first time on Tuesday. Twelve horses and two side ropes manned by workmen and spectators, moved the gun along the level with ease but the enormous weight, over 40,000 lbs., told rather severely on the " motive power" on an up grade.

The wagon on which the gun was hauled is built in the ordinary form of wagon running gear, the wheels and axles being of the most massive character. Instead of the customary "coupling tongue," two immense timbers are stretched from the front to the hind axles and securely fastened. Beneath these timbers the gun is slung by the common timber wheel tackle. Notwithstanding the breadth of the tires on the wheels, their progress along the pavement, crushed and sunk the boulders almost as readily as ordinary wheel prints on a dusty road.

The manufacture of large guns is steadily progressing at the works, which will soon be in a condition to turn them out with as great rapidity as ordnance of small calibre. The third gun of fifteen-inch calibre was taken out of the lathe yesterday, and another will be put in its place immediately. None of the navy fifteen-inch guns have yet been turned out.

THE URBANA UNION should be in the hands of every family in Champaign county.

The Songs of The Union.

MY COUNTRY.

My country, 'tis of thee
Sweet land of Liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the Pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain's side,
Let Freedom ring.

My native country, thee—
Land of the noble free—
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy rocks and temples hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet Freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break—
The sound prolong.

Our father's God, to Thee,
Author of Liberty,
To Thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With Freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King.

One of "Old Abe's" Stories.

OFHERS C. KERR, writing from Washington to the New York Mercury, perpetrates the following:

"Matters and things are still in a static condition, naught has disturbed our monotony for a week, save a story they tell about the honest old Abe. It seems that two of the conservative Border State chaps, who are here for the express purpose of protesting against everything whatsoever, had a discussion about the Honest Abe, and one chap bet the other chap five dollars that he couldn't, by any possible means speak to the President, without hearing a small anecdote.

"Done!" said the other chap, gleefully, "I'll take that bet."

That very same night at about twelve o'clock, he tore frantically up to the White House, and commenced thundering at the door, like King Richard at the gates of Ascalon. The Honest Abe stuck his night-capped head out of the window, and says he:

"Is that you, Mr. Seward?"

"No, sir," says the Border State chap, glaring up through the darkness. "I'm a messenger from the army. Another great strategic movement has taken place, and our whole army has been taken prisoner by the Southern Confederacy. In fact," says the conservative chap frantically, "the backbone of the rebellion is broken again."

"Hem!" says the Honest Abe, shaking a mosquito from his night-cap, "this strategy reminds me of a little story. There was a man out in Iowa, sat down to play a game of checkers with another man, inducing his friends around him, to lend him the change necessary for stakes. He played and he played, and he lost the first game. Then he played much more cautiously, and lost the next game. His friends commenced to grumble; 'but,' says he, 'don't you worry yourselves, boys, and I'll show you a cute move pretty soon.' So he played and he played, and he lost the third game. 'Don't be impatient, boys,' says he, 'you'll see that great move pretty soon, I tell you.' Then he played with great care, taking a long time to consider every move, and, by way of change lost the fourth game. Close attention to what he was about, and much minute calculation, also enabled him to lose the fifth game. By this time, his friends had lent him all their change, and began to think it was about time for that great move of his to come off. 'Have you any more change?' says he. 'Why, no,' says they. 'Then,' says he, with great spirit, 'the time for that move I was telling you about has come at last.' As he commenced to rise from his chair, instead of continuing to play, his cleaned-out friends bethought themselves to ask him what his famous move was? 'Why,' says he pleasantly, 'it's to move off for a little more change.'

At the conclusion of this quaint tale, my boy, the Border State chap fled groaning to his quarters at Willard's, stuck a five-dollar Treasury note under the pillow of the other Border State chap, and immediately took the evening train for the West.

Col. Lawrence, of the 84th, on the War.

JUDGE WILLIAM LAWRENCE, of Bellefontaine, Colonel of the 84th Regiment, delivered an oration at a Fourth of July Celebration of his regiment, which was admirably adapted to the times, and was characterized by a high order of talent throughout. The Cumberland Civilian published the oration in full, from which we extract the concluding portion:

"As a part of the grand army of the Union, here among the mountains of Maryland, we this day renew our pledge of fidelity to the Constitution and the Union. No selfish motive has brought us hither. The comforts of home, surrounded with its hallowed associations, we relinquish only because duty, our country, calls us to the tented field—and we trust soon to the field of battle. I am proud to believe, that under all circumstances, this regiment will not fail or falter in the performance of its duties. I confide in the skill, the courage, the patriotism of you, my companions in arms. In every emergency I will stand by you to vindicate your rights, your interests, your welfare, your honor.

In the General Order, No. 1, issued at Camp Chase, I said to you that no act of mine should detract from the regiment or the service, and that I would, if occasion should offer, return to my family and friends an honored dead body, rather than a live one disgraced by cowardice, and this I am proud to believe is the sentiment that animates the officers and men of my command. I will be with you to fulfill that pledge to you and to my country.

The vigor and determination displayed by the Government soon must subdue the Rebellion. When we shall emerge from the contest, our nation will take a new stand among the nations of the earth. The insolence of foreign powers in due season will be chastised. Republican government will be enthroned in the hearts of the people, and God will be glorified in the ordeal through which we have passed. From the Lakes to the Gulf, from Ocean to Ocean, there can be but one country, one Constitution, one language, one destiny. Bound together by rivers, uniting the Temperate and the Torrid Zones, each contributing its products for the wants of the other, and thus fulfilling the mission ordained by nature and nature's God—the Union cannot be severed. The decree of Omnipotence which binds it together is without error, and cannot be reversed. The great father of waters, the Mississippi, cannot be partitioned out to hostile nationalities. But above all, the mission of popular government must not be abandoned.

As the last roar of artillery died away at Yorktown, closing the war of the Revolution, the mission of the American Republic became manifest, as though it were written: "Go ye into all the world, and prove by your example that Democratic Government is practicable." When this shall be acknowledged by the nations of the Earth, then, and not till then, will our mission be fulfilled.

Perilous Balloon Voyage.

A BALLOON ascension took place from Boston Common on Wednesday afternoon, which probably gave those who partook in it enough of aerial navigation to last them for some time to come at least. The air was misty, and during the early part of the day a heavy shower delayed the preparations. About seven o'clock the ropes were loosed, and the balloon, with five persons in it, ascended almost perpendicular to the height of several hundred feet, and then after diving, sailed away towards the south east. The balloon passed over the harbor and the aeronaut managed to keep as near the surface of the water as possible in which it would ever now and then dip. This morning being very pleasant, the aeronaut Mr. King, hailed a steam tug which happened to be passing, and told the captain to follow him. This was done, and, after going about three miles, managed to throw a rope, which was fortunately caught by those in the balloon. The rope however, soon parted, and the balloon sped on, dipping the basket entirely under water. After some time another large rope was got fast to the balloon, and instead of its being checked by the tug, it actually dragged her about three miles. After a while the passengers managed to descend from their unfortunate position, and get safe in the boat. They had just got down when the cable parted, and the balloon soared away with tremendous speed and without a pilot. It was the largest ever made in New England and was named the "Stars and Stripes." It was no wonder that with such a name any attempt to keep it down should be fruitless.—New York World.

A Fearful Scene.

During the late exhibition of Van Amburgh's menagerie at Monongahela City, Pa., a fearful and exciting scene occurred. It appears that shortly after the audience had assembled, a terrific storm arose, which tore the canvas into rags, and threatened serious injury to the spectators. While the Storm King roared and raved, one of the huge tire got out of his cage, which added new terror to the scene. The vast assembly swayed from side to side, first to that part of the tent which had been blown off, and then to the main entrance. Some jumped from the top of the seats out through the opening between the top and the circular inclosure, others cut themselves a passage through the canvas, and all rushed with alarm for any place of escape, preferring to brave the storm to taking their chance for life amid the crushing timbers and furious wild beasts. Women shrieked for help, and children cried; strong men looked pale, and, taking the confusion of the multitude and the raging of the storm, the scene was fearful and appalling. The keepers of the animals stood by the cages of these wild denizens of the woods and jungles with anxious looks. The man who kept the elephant Hannibal stood in front of the huge brute, with his hands upon his tanks, as pale as a corpse. One of the lions had partaken of the excitement, and by his glaring eyeballs, erect posture, and extended and flowing mane, gave an idea of how he looked in his native forest. The tiger which had escaped from his cage was driven back by Mr. Van Amburgh into a cage with this lion, and the king of the woods had put his huge paw upon him, and was holding him tight upon the floor. Nature, grand and terrible, was on exhibition at this show. After some moments of fearful confusion the storm ceased, and the audience separated, but not until several had been injured from being trampled on and bruised in the general confusion which prevailed.

PROFESSIONAL ENTERTAINMENT.—A man named Munnell is under arrest in Hartford, charged with setting fire to barns, and has confessed his guilt. It appears that he is foreman of a fire company, and turned incendiary for excitement, and to get the credit of being, with his company, the first to the rescue.

Picket Stories.

Fewer things occur on picket near Mechanicsville. A day or two ago, just at the breakfast hour, when the aroma of good coffee is doubly delicious, our pickets were accosted by a voice from the rebel side, a few rods only distant with

"Hullo there!"
"Hullo yourself!"
"What you doing over there?"
"Making some coffee. Have some?"
"Will you let me come over?"
"Yes."
"Honor bright?"
"Yes."
And over he came. His coffee drunk, he smacked his lips and said:
"Well, that's very nice. We don't get any of that over on our side."
Then casting his eyes around, scrutinizing the neat appearance of our men he continued:
"Well, you look very comfortable. All of you live so?"
"Yes."

A few moments more of silence, and he broke out:
"Well, I like the looks of things here; I believe I won't go back." And he didn't. Elsewhere on our lines they are not quite so sociable, though they have generally quit the practice of shooting our men.

"Where's Bearregard?" asks one of our men.
"Where's Banks?" sings out the rebel.
"Why don't the balloon go up to-day?" asks a rebel near the New Bridge battery, which fired several shots at the balloon the other day.

"Waiting for gas!" say our men in reply.

A Practical Man among the Secessionists.

MAJOR McKEN, with a competent Union force, is on a hunt for secessionists in Southern Missouri, and it is reported that he has already nearly filled all the county jails. When he catches a secession he says:
"Well, how much of a rebel have you been? You know more about what you have done than I do. I know some, and you know it all."

The old man said, as he trembled, "Major, I have not done anything."

"Stop," said the Major, "you know you have some powder here."

"Oh yes, there is some."

"Tell it all, now," says the Major.

"Well, I will. I have got 21 kegs of powder and one gun. I gave five horses to Price, and went down to Smith's Chapel to fight the Feds and I have fed any amount of rebels. I won't lie any more! You have got it all. I have done all I could to aid the South."

The Major has come down so hard on them that they fear to lie to him. Another man came in to give himself up and take the oath.

"Well, sir, what have you done?"

"Nothing."

"Well, sir, I will put you in jail for not doing something."

After he had been in jail about two hours he sent for the Major and told him where there were eleven kegs of powder and a government wagon, and owned to helping out a ferry boat on the Missouri river last summer.

DRAFTING—WHO IS EXEMPT?—By the laws of the United States the following persons are exempted from enrollment:

"Officers, judicial and executive, of the Government, the members of both houses of Congress and their respective officers, Custom-House officers and their clerks, inspectors of exports, pilots and mariners employed in the sea service of a citizen or merchant within the United States, postmasters, assistant postmasters and their clerks, post officers, post riders and stage drivers in the care and conveyance of the mail of the United States, ferrymen employed at any ferry on the post road, and the artificers and workmen in the United States armories and arsenals."

The difference between volunteering and drafting is this:

A volunteer receives the full bounty—\$27 advance bounty, one month's pay (13) in advance, and \$75 at the end of his time of service, together with the usual 100 acres of bounty land. Beside all this, his family receives pecuniary assistance during his absence. The drafted militia receives but \$11 per month, and no money bounty. They can be held to service out of the State three months, by order of the Governor. Let no one, however, deceive himself with the idea that drafted soldiers will serve only three months, for after the militia are drafted, Congress can very easily hold them to serve during the war.

"Some" Insect.

CAPT. KINGSBURY, Co. A, 14th Regiment, now at Corinth, thus describes an insect very annoying to the troops in camp at that place:

"We presume the 'boys' will not be disposed to complain of mosquitoes, gnats, &c., which infest this locality, after suffering from the assaults of the 'Propeller Fly.'"

"Within the last week I have discovered a new kind of insect—I call it the Propeller Fly. It is not as large as one of our Yankee mosquitoes, but you ought to see and feel them bite. They light on you, raise their hind end—standing on their fore legs—and commence turning round. Their bill is like a cork screw, and when they get it in the right place they start the machinery by advancing the right fore leg. They then work a propeller wheel, which is of course at the stern, and around they go like lightning and in goes the cork screw, and you cannot pull them off without unscrawing them. They are a 'bad egg.'"

Tux Chicago Times relates a novel runaway thus:

On Saturday evening last, several persons indulging in lake bathing, had a lesson taught them which it is presumed they will not soon forget. A number of horses had come to the lake shore to quench their thirst, when they were caught by the bathers and mounted. The horses bore this treatment quietly, until one of their number became frightened, and, without waiting for his rider to dismount, started on a furious gallop up the street. The horse wouldn't stop, nor could the rider dismount, so that the situation was becoming perplexing to the surprised bather, who, Masappa like, was compelled to continue his ride. How long that ride lasted, or what became of the rider has not been satisfactorily shown. It is certain, however, that just at dark on that day, several citizens, who were enjoying, with their families, the evening twilight in front of their residences, were astonished by the unprecedented spectacle of a horse running furiously by, ridden by a rider in full dress uniform. A few moments afterward, another horse dashed by, whose rider was evidently in search of the first, for he bore under his arm a bundle of clothes. This incident is recalled by persons who witnessed the unparalleled equestrian exploit, and is interesting as conveying a proper lesson to those adventurous youths who are constantly attempting foolish feats.

PAULSEN'S blindfold play at the International Chess Congress in London has astonished the natives. The Times says he opposed simultaneously ten players of no mean capacity, "with results which, under the circumstances, appear to a casual bystander as little short of the miraculous. Although called blindfold play, it was so in spirit rather than in letter. This celebrated chess-player, who, at such odds, challenged so many to try their skill against him simultaneously, sat in a corner with his face to the wall, looking very much like an overgrown school boy who was undergoing a penalty."

THE RECTOR CONFESSES.—A Fourth street merchant said to his hired man the other day:

"Here, Patrick, here's fifty dollars, now go and enlist in some good regiment, right away; enlist in some regiment, I don't care what one it is."

"I'm obliged to you, but I should rather be excused," said Patrick. "Here is a hundred dollars," polling the roll out of his pantaloons pocket, "here's a hundred dollars, if you'll enlist in some good regiment."—Civ. Com.

A SNOW BANK IN JULY.—A snow drift at Skinner Hollow, Vt., the last week in July, located within one hundred rods of where ripe strawberries were found, says the Springfield Republican, measured twelve feet in depth, and covered one-fourth of an acre. It has been forty feet in depth. There are two acres in drift, formed by the passage of a small stream. One of these acres is large enough to drive a horse and carriage through; the other, for four persons to pass through abreast.

The President has issued an order against the practice which seems to have prevailed in certain localities, of requiring foreign subjects to take an oath of general or qualified allegiance to the Government. The order states that for any violation of the law foreigners may be punished or subjected to military restraint, but they cannot be required to take the oath of allegiance, as that would conflict with their duty to their own sovereigns.

The other day a man whose coat tails suddenly burst into flames as he was walking the streets of St. Petersburg was arrested and very nearly lynched by the people. As subsequently appeared, the poor fellow was a gas fitter on his way to the imperial palace on business. The combustibles about his person were mistaken for the kit of an incendiary.

TEN SPRAGUES, of Rhode Island, have made a most generous and patriotic proposition to the men in their employ who have families. They offer to continue to such if they will enlist, half their pay during their absence, and to secure their positions to them when they return.

A PEACOCKS youth being asked in his geography class what they raised in South Carolina, replied: "They used to raise niggers and cotton, but now they are raising the devil."

MONSIEUR, the noted guerilla leader in Kentucky, was met on his entering Versailles, by a gay and dashing young widow, who hugged and kissed the robber chief to the great envy of his men.

STONEY SMITH'S LAST.—Landseer, the great "canine artist," requested the distinguished Smith to sit to him for his portrait. "Is thy servant dog that he should do this thing?" asked the clerical punster biblically.

ENCOMIUM.—The Wesleyan University at its late commencement conferred the degree of LL. D. upon John Ericsson.

VICE-PRESIDENT HAMMIS has engaged to address public meetings in different parts of the State of Maine, for the purpose of aiding the enlistments of new volunteer regiments.

CHICAGO lies on both sides of a narrow river. It is proposed to run a tunnel beneath it to accommodate travel which now has hardly room enough the two bridges.

THE Albany Standard asserts a pregnant truth when, in rebuking the panic-making demonstrations of a neighbor, it tersely says: "Our army is not outnumbered by the rebels, it is only outshouted."